Britain's Palladium:

OR,

My Lord *BOLINGBROKE*'s

WELCOME

FROM

FRANCE.

Et thure & fidibus Juvat
Placare, & vituli ſanguine debito
Cuſtodes Numidæ Deos. Hor. lib. 1. Ode xxxvi.
——————— *Ad Pomponium Numidium*
Ob cujus ex Hiſpania reditum gaudio exultat.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall.* 1712.

Britain's Palladium:

OR,

THE LONDON MUSEUM

OF

ROYAL PICTURES.

BRITAIN's PALLADIUM:

OR,

My Lord BOLINGBROKE's Welcome

FROM

FRANCE.

WHAT Noiſe is this, that interrupts my Sleep?
What ecchoing Shouts riſe from the briny Deep?
Neptune a ſolemn Feſtival prepares,
And PEACE thro' all his flowing Orb declares:
That dreadful *Trident* which he us'd to ſhake,
Make Earth's Foundations, and *Jove*'s Palace quake.
Now by his ſide, on ouzy Couch reclin'd,
Gives a ſmooth Surface and a gentle Wind:
Innumerable *Tritons* lead the way,
And crouds of *Nereids* round his Chariot play.
The ancient Sea-Gods with attention wait,
To learn, what's now the laſt reſult of Fate.

What

What earthly Monarch *Neptune* does decree
Alone; his great Vicegerent of the Sea.

BY an auſpicious Gale, BRITANIA's *Fleet*,
On *Gallia*'s Coaſt this ſhining Triumph met;
Theſe Pomps Divine, their mortal Senſe ſurprize,
Loud to the Ear, and dazling to the Eyes:
Whilſt ſcaly *Tritons*, with their Shells, proclaim
The Names that muſt ſurvive to future Fame;
And Nymphs their Diadems of Pearl prepare
For Monarchs, who to purchaſe Peace, make War:
Then *Neptune* his majeſtick Silence broke,
And to the trembling Sailors mildly ſpoke:
Throughout the World BRITANIA's Flag diſplay,
'Tis I command, that all the Globe obey:
Let *Britiſh* Streamers wave their Heads on high,
And dread no Foe, beneath *Jove*'s azure Sky;
The reſt let *Nereus* tell.

IF I have Truth, ſays *Nereus*, and foreſee
The intricate Deſigns of Deſtiny:
I that have view'd whatever Fleets have rode
With ſharpen'd Keels, to cut the yeilding Flood:
I that could weigh the Fates of *Greece* and *Rome*,
Phœnician Wealth, and *Carthaginian* Doom,
Muſt ſurely know, what, in the Womb of Time,
Was fore-Ordain'd for BRITAIN's happy Clime;

How

How Wars upon the watry Realms ſhall ceaſe,
And *ANNA* give the World a glorious PEACE:
Reſtore the Spicy Traffick of the Eaſt,
And ſtretch Her Empire to the diſtant Weſt:
Her Fleets deſcry *Aurora*'s Purple Bed,
And *Phœbus* ſteeds after their Labours fed.
The *Southern* Coaſts, to BRITAIN ſcarcely known,
Shall grow as Hoſpitable as their own:
No Monſters ſhall be feign'd to guard their Store,
When *Britiſh* Trade ſecures their golden Ore;
The fleecy Product of the *Cotſwold* Field
Shall equal what *Peruvian* Mountains yeild:
Iron ſhall there intrinſick Value ſhow,
And by *Vulcanian* Art more precious grow.

BRITANIA's Royal Fiſhery ſhall be
Improv'd by a kind guardian Deity:
That mighty Task to *Glaucus* we aſſign,
Of more importance than the richeſt Mine;
He ſhall direct them how to ſtrike the *Whale*,
How to avoid the Danger, when prevail;
What Treaſure lies upon the frozen Coaſt
Not yet explor'd, or negligently loſt.

IN vaſt *Arcadia*'s Plains, new Theme for *Fame*,
Towns ſhall be built, ſacred to *ANNA*'s Name;
The ſilver Fir and lofty Pines ſhall riſe
From BRITAIN's own united *Colonies*;

Which to the Maſt ſhall Canvas Wings afford,
And *Pitch* to ſtrengthen the unfaithful Board;
Norway may then her Naval Stores with-hold,
And proudly ſtarve for want of *Britiſh* Gold.

O happy Iſle! to ſuch Advantage plac'd,
That all the World is by thy Counſels grac'd;
Thy Nation's Genius, with induſtrious Arts,
Renders thee lovely to remoteſt Parts.
Eliza firſt the ſable Scene withdrew,
And to the ancient World diſplay'd the New.
When *Burleigh* at the Helm of State was ſeen,
The trueſt Subject to the greateſt QUEEN:
The *Indians* from the *Spaniſh* Yoke made free,
Bleſs'd the Effects of *Engliſh Liberty*,
Drake, round the World, his Sovereign's Honour ſpread,
Thro' Straights and Gulphs immenſe, her Fame con-
Nor reſts Enquiry here; his curious Eye (vey'd:
Deſcries new Conſtellations in the Sky,
In which vaſt ſpace, ambitious Mariners
Might place their Names on high, and chuſe their Stars.
Rawleigh, with hopes of new Diſcoveries fir'd,
And all the Depths of humane Wit inſpir'd,
Rov'd o'er the *Weſtern World*, in ſearch of Fame,
Adding freſh Glory to *Eliza*'s Name;
Subdu'd new Empires that will Records be,
Immortal of a QUEEN's Virginity.

But

But think not ALBION, that thy Sons decay,
Or that thy Princes have leſs Power to ſway;
Whatever in *Eliza*'s Reign was ſeen,
With a re-doubled Vigour ſprings again:
Imperial *ANNA* ſhall the Seas controul,
And ſpread Her Naval Laws from Pole to Pole.
Nor think Her Conduct, or Her Counſels leſs,
In Arts of WAR, or Treaties for a PEACE;
In thrifty Management of BRITAIN's Wealth,
Imbezzel'd lately, or purlom'd by Stealth:
No Nation can fear Want, or dread Surprize,
Where *Oxford*'s Prudence, *Burleigh*'s Loſs ſupplies;
On him the Publick moſt ſecurely leans,
To eaſe the Burthen of the beſt of QUEENS:
On him the Merchants fix their longing Eyes,
When War ſhall ceaſe, and *Britiſh* Commerce riſe.

Alcides Strength, and *Atlas* firmer Mind,
To narrow *Streights* of *Europe* were confin'd.
The *Britiſh* Sailors from their *Royal 'Change*,
May find a nobler Liberty to range.
Oxford ſhall be their Pole-Star to the *South*,
And there reward the Efforts of their *Youth*:
Whence through his Conduct, Traffick ſhall encreaſe,
Ev'n to thoſe *Seas*, which take their *Name* from *Peace*.

PEACE

PEACE is the Sound muſt glad the *Briton*'s Ears:
But ſee! the Noble *Bolingbroke* appears:
Geſture compos'd, and Looks ſerene declare
The approaching Iſſue of a doubtful War.
Now my *Cerulean* Race ſafe in the deep,
Shall have no Canons roar, diſturb their ſleep;
But ſmootheſt Tides, and the moſt *Halcion* Gales
Shall, to their Port, direct *Britania*'s Sails.

Ye *Tritons*, Sons of Gods; 'tis my Command,
That you ſee *Bolingbroke* in ſafety Land;
Your concave Shells, for ſofteſt Notes prepare,
Whilſt *Eccho* ſhall repeat the gentleſt Air:
The River-Gods ſhall there your Triumphs meet,
And in old *Ocean* mixt, your Hero greet:
Thames ſhall ſtand wondring, *Iſis* ſhall rejoice,
And both in tuneful Numbers raiſe their Voice.
The rapid *Medway*, and the fertile *Trent*,
In ſwifteſt Streams, confeſs their true Content.
Avon and *Severn*, ſhall in raptures join,
And *Fame* convey them, to the Northern *Tine*;
Tweed then no more the *Britons* ſhall divide,
But *Peace* and *Plenty* flow on either ſide;
Triumphs proclaim, and Mirth and jovial Feaſts,
And all the World invite for welcome Gueſts.
Faction, that thro' the Land ſo fatal ſpread,
No more ſhall dare to raiſe her *Hydra*'s Head;

But

But all her Votaries, in ſilence mourn,
The happineſs of *Bulingbroke*'s return;
Far from the common Pitch, he ſhall ariſe,
With great Deſigns, to dazzle *Envy*'s Eyes;
Search deep to know, of *Whiggiſh Plots* the ſource,
Their ever-turning Schemes, and reſtleſs Courſe.

Who ſhall hereafter, *Britiſh* Annals read,
But will reflect, with Wonder, on this Deed.
How artfully his Conduct overcame
A ſtubborn Race, and quench'd a raging Flame;
Retriev'd the *Britons* from unruly Fate,
And overthrew the *Phaetons* of State;
Theſe wiſe Exploits thro' *Gallia*'s Nation ran,
And fir'd their Souls, to ſee the wond'rous Man:
The aged Counſellors, without ſurprize,
Found Wit and Prudence ſparkling in his Eyes;
Wiſdom that was not gain'd in courſe of Years,
Or Reverence owing to his hoary Hairs,
But ſtruck by force of Genius; ſuch as drove
The Goddeſs *Pallas* from the Brain of *Jove*.
The Youth of *France*, with Pleaſure, look'd to ſee
His graceful Mien, and beauteous Symetry:
The Virgins ran, as to unuſual Show,
When he to *Paris* came, and *Fountainbleau*;
Viewing the blooming Miniſter deſir'd,
And ſtill tho more they gaz'd, the more admir'd.

Nor did the Court, that beſt true Grandeur knows,
Their Sentiments, by leſſer Facts diſcloſe;
By common Pomp, or ceremonious Train,
Seen heretofore, or to be ſeen again;
But they devis'd new Honours, yet unknown,
Or paid to any Subject of a Crown.

The *Gallick* King, in Age and Counſels Wiſe,
Sated with War, and weary of diſguiſe;
With open Arms, ſalutes the *Britiſh* Peer,
And gladly owns his Prince and Character.
As *Hermes* from the Throne of *Jove* deſcends,
With grateful Errand, to Heavens choiceſt Friends:
As *Iris* from the Bed of *Juno* flies,
To bear her Queen's Commands through yielding Skies.
Whilſt o'er her Wings freſh Beams of Glory flow,
And blended Colours paint her wond'rous Bow;
So *Bolingbroke* appears in *Louis* Sight,
With Meſſage Heavenly, and with equal Light,
Diſpels all Clouds of Doubt, and Fears of Wars,
And in his MISTRESS's Name for *Peace* declares:
Accents Divine! which the Great King receives
With the ſame Grace that mighty *ANNA* gives.

Let others boaſt of Blood, the Spoil of Foes,
Rapine and Murder, and of endleſs Woes,
Deteſted Pomp! and Trophies gain'd from far,
With ſpangled Enſigns, ſtreaming in the Air:

Count

Count how they made *Bavarian* Subjects feel
The rage of Fire, and edge of hardned Steel:
Fatal Effects of foul insatiate Pride,
That deal their Wounds alike on either side:
No limits set to their ambitious Ends,
For who bounds them, no longer can be Friends.
By different Methods *Bolingbroke* shall raise,
His growing Honours, and immortal Praise:
For he is sent to *Europe* from above,
As others gain by War, to win by Love.
That *Fame* this Motto may to Time impart,
St. John is wrote in ev'ry *Briton*'s Heart.

He fir'd with Glory, and the publick Good,
Betwixt the People and their Danger stood;
Arm'd with convincing *Truths* he did appear,
And all he said was sparkling, bright and clear.
The list'ning *Senate*, with attention heard,
And some admir'd, while others trembling fear'd;
Not from the Tropes of formal Eloquence,
But *Demosthenick* Strength, and weight of Sense:
Such as fond *Oxford* to her *Son* supply'd,
Design'd her Own, as well as *Britains* Pride.
Who less beholden to the ancient Strains,
Might shew a nobler Blood in *English* Veins:
Out-do whatever Divine *Homer* sung
Of *Nestor*'s Counsels, or *Ulysses* Tongue.

I shall

I ſhall not here his great Deſigns reveal,
But as he does his Prince's Thoughts conceal:
What he for Learning, or for Trade intends,
What for his publick or his private Friends.

Oh! all ye Nymphs, whilſt Time and Youth allow,
Prepare the *Roſe* and *Lilly* for his Brow.
Much he has done, but ſtill has more in View
To *ANNA's* Intereſt, and his Country's true.
More I could Prophecy, but muſt refrain,
Such *Truths* would make another Mortal Vain.

Go on, bright Youth, thy courſe of Glories way,
Thus end thy Life, the Evening Crowns the Day:
Court Honour ſtill, and bravely ſoar above
Thoſe Heights, that gain'd thee firſt thy Princes Love:
Surmount thy ſelf, and make thine Actions paſt,
But fegin'd reſemblances of theſe thy Laſt.